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Newport Mercury.

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Volume 106.

Poetry.

Selected Tale.

THE WIDOW'S BEAU.

BY MRS. CAROLINE A. SOULE.

NEW ENGLAND'S DEAD.
chant a requiem for the brave, the brave
who are no more,
England's dead! in honored rest, they sleep
on hill and shore,
where the Mississippi now, in freedom,
grandly rolls,
waves that sigh on Georgia's site, a death
breeze for their souls.

first of all, the noble blood by traitorous
hands was shed!
I still the mystic number "three" will live
for eye in song,
while history tells, with glowing pen, of Rodman,
Slocum and Brown.

national names. Oh! noble three, a nation's
heart will throb
those who fell, in many pride, for Freedom
and for God,

woman's eyes grow dim with tears, and
manhood bows its head

for thy deeds of valor done, New England's
honored dead!

not alone for those who die a soldier's death
of glory;

but many a brave, heroic soul has sighed its
mournful story,

in the sultry swamps and plains, where
fever's breath

inhaled the life-blood from their hearts, and
laid them low in death.

spend a memory yours, oh! ye who murmured
no complaint,

New Hope's vision, day by day grow indi-
gent and faint;

far from home and loving hearts, from all
days hold most dear,

invited. Oh! noble, unknown dead, ye leave

a record here!

low England I on thy spotless shield, inscribe
thine honored dead;

let their memory fresh and green, when
rust bloom o'er their heads;

and naming nations yet unborn will read, with
glowing pride,

those who bore thy conquering arms, and suf-
fering, fought and died;

the foremost in the gallant van, laid life and
honor down, —

deck with falsehood bears their names, who've
won the martyr's crown!

THE STREET OF BY-AND-BY.

By the street of "By-and-by," one arrives at
the house of "Never." [Old saying.

shun the spot, my youthful friends, I urge
you to beware;

beguiling is the pleasant way, and softly breathes
the air;

but none have ever passed to scenes, embarking
great and high,

who once began to linger in the street of ny-
and-by.

How varied are the images arising to my sight,
of those who wish to shun the wrong, who loved
and wished the right!

Set from silken bonds of sloth, they vainly strove
to fly;

which held them gently prisoned in the streets
of By-and-by.

A youth inspired to climb the height of Learning's
lofty hill;

What dimmed his bright intelligence—what
quelled his earnest will?

Why did the object of his quest still mock his
wistful eye?

Long shall he tarried in the street of By-
and-by.

—My projects thrive," the merchant said; "when
doubtful in my store,

How freshly my ready gold, be showered
among the poor!"

Fast grew his wealth, yet strove he not the mourn-
er's eye to dry;

He never journeyed onward from the street of
By-and-by.

—Forgive thy erring brother, he has wept and
suffered long."

I said to one who answered—"he hath done me
grossly wrong;

Yet will I seek my brother, and forgive him, ere
I die!"

All! Death shortly found him in the streets of
By-and-by.

The wearied worldling mused upon lost and was-
ted days,

Resolved to turn hereafter from the error of his
ways;

To fit his groveling thoughts from earth, and fix
them on the sky;

Why does he linger fondly in the streets of By-
and-by.

Then shun the spot, my youthful friends, work on
while yet you may;

Let not old age overtake you, as you slothfully
delay;

Let you should gaze around you, and discover
with a sigh,

That you've reached the house of "Never," by
the street of "By-and-by."

NO NIGHT IN HEAVEN.

No night shall be in Heaven! no gathering gloom
shall o'er that glorious landscape ever those flowers;

That breathe their fragrance thro' celestial bowers.

No night shall be in Heaven! no dreadful hour

of mental darkness, or the tempter's power;

Across these skies no ominous cloud shall roll,

To dim the sunlight of the captured soul.

No night shall be in Heaven. Forbid to sleep,

These eyes no more their mortal vigil keep;

Their fountains dried—their tears all wiped away

They gaze undazzled on mortal day.

No night shall be in Heaven—no sorrows reign;

No secret anguish, no corporeal pain;

No shimmering limbs, no burning fever there;

No soft'st eclipse, no winter of despair.

No night shall be in Heaven, but endless noon—

No hot declining sun, no waning moon;

But there the Lamb shall yield perpetual light;

Mid pastures green, and waters ever bright.

NOON AND MORNING.

There are gains for all our losses;

There are pains for all our gain;

But when youth, the dream, departs,

It takes something from our hearts;

And it never comes again!

We are stronger, and are better

Under manhood's stern roguish

Still we feel that something's want;

Followed youth with flying feet;

And will never come again!

NEWPORT, R. I., SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 5, 1863.

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F. A. PRATT... WM. MESSER

Number 5,473.

gentleman she walked the whole length of
the village and away out into the ceme-
tery, and never returned till the moon was
high.

"A nice looking dress, I guess she had,"
drawled out old Grandma W., as she lis-
tened to the widow's wandering. "I'm
glad I hasn't got to wash it, all drabbed up
with dew as it must have been—but I
don't suppose she thought or cared a word
about it, she's so carried away with him.
But I'll give her a piece of my mind, the
first time I have a chance, see if I don't.
Cheating us all in this way."

But the good old dame began to fear by
Wednesday night she should never have
the desired chance. She hurried through
her washing on Monday, and hobbled over
to the widow's as soon as possible, but
the door was locked, and one of the neigh-
bor's said, Mrs. C. and the gentleman went
off in a carriage, nobody knew where, very
early in the morning. "Yes, and never
got home till nine o'clock in the evening.
Look out Widow C! Your character is on
the carpet!"

If she knew it, apparently, she didn't
care, for the next day she went a sailing
with her beau, and the next day a ram-
bling with him way off to the mountain, and
on the next forenoon went with him in a
carriage to the station house, and there
not only wept as she parted from him, but
actually embraced and kissed him.

"What in broad daylight!" exclaimed
Grandma W. "Well, if ever I seed or
heard the like out!"

Little Nell, the old lady's youngest
grandchild, wondered to herself, if it were
any worse in broad daylight than at any
other time. Perhaps you will wonder too.
We do at least.

There was a very large attendance that
afternoon at the weekly meeting of the
sewing society. Everybody went that
could possibly leave home. And what a
chattering there was when the bustle of
assembling was over. There was but one
topic, but that was all sufficient, all engross-
ing—the widow's beau—for the gentle-
man must be her beau, or at least he
said she didn't feel as though she could
ever wear anything but mourning? And
in spite of all these protestations, hadn't
she come out all at once, dressed all in
white, and walked into church into broad
daylight, leaning on the arm of a young
gentleman?

Yes, indeed she had. She would have
pleaded guilty to all of these charges,
graves ones as they were, and to the last
two, how many witnesses might have been
subpoenaed. She was actually dressed in
white. A beautiful robe of India silk,
tucked to the waist, with an open corsage,
displaying an elaborately wrought chem-
ise, drapery sleeves trimmed with the
richest Moquin lace, undersleeves of the
same expensive material, a white crêpe
shawl, a white lace hat with orange buds
and flowers, white kid gloves and light
gaiters,—such was the description every
lady had on her tongue's end to repeat
over as soon as service was closed. And
the gentleman—he too was dressed in
style. Didn't he wear white pants of the
latest pattern, and a white vest, and a
coat of satin finish, and white kids too;
and didn't he sport a splendid pin and a
massive chain, and didn't he gaze often,
and tenderly, and lovingly, on the fair
creature beside him? Ah yes, he did so,
and there was no further room to doubt.
Widow C. had cheated them. She had
won a beau, laid aside her mourning, put
on her bridal attire, and was a going to be
married in church. But who the beau
was, or whence he came, was more difficult
to discern.

Service proceeded. The choir sang, the
minister prayed and preached—the people
wondered when the ceremony would take
place. But, to their utter astonishment,
they were left to wonder. For when
the benediction was pronounced, Widow C.
and the strange gentleman walked with
the rest of the congregation quietly out of
the church. When they reached the pave-
ment, he offered his arm very gracefully,
and she placed her hand very confidingly
on the beautifully soft coat-sleeve, and
they passed on.

What noon that was in Fairmount?
What a world of conjectures, surmises, in-
quiries and doubts rolled over and over in
the brains of not only gossiping ladies but
sober, matter-of-fact gentlemen. "The
like of such a thing" had never occurred
before in the annals of the village. There
was something new under the sun—a lady
had had a beau, and nobody knew of it.
Ah yes, she had, and nobody knew of it.
She was a damsel to the old lady—
She had such a long lecture to read on ex-
travagance and she was so determined to
do it too, when unfortunately for her elo-
quent strain, Mrs. C.'s dress had hung up
in her wardrobe all the time, and she had
worn an old black silk.

The Rev. Mr. B. preached to a crowded
house that afternoon; so compliment to
him though. The magnet was in the pews
before him. Every one was sure the wed-
ding would take place then, but every-
body again was sadly disappointed, and
coupled and run at railroad speed before,
they traveled them on the electric wires.—
The minister might have preached in
Greek that day, and his sermon would
have been quite as edifying. But one sub-
ject engrossed the village mind. The wi-
dow's beau—that was the topic.

After a while the old lady took a fresh
start. She would not be so baffled again.
She would find out all about that beau
before she went home, "that she would." So
she began by saying, "your company went
away this morning, didn't they?"

They did not stay very long, did he?"
Not as long as I wished he had, was
the emphatic answer at this time. And
how the ladies did look at each other. It
was as good as a confession.

"When did he come?"
"Saturday evening."
"Was you looking for him?"
"I had been expecting him & fortnight."
"Why du tell, if you had then, and now,
told on't either. Had he business in
the place?"

"He had."

"What was-it?" This was the answer, a wee bit
of emphasis resting on the "they."

"He didn't stay very long, did he?"

"Not as long as I wished he had, was

the emphatic answer at this time. And
how the ladies did look at each other. It

spends half her time reading trashy mag-
azines. Metta Snow!" and Joseph Harris
leaned back in his chair utterly overpow-
ered with the magnitude of the idea.

"So Metta's extravagance is the objection?"

"Yes, she is pretty, intelligent, lively,

accomplished, but, you well know, Jen-
nie, my brother's experience makes me

dread an extravagant wife. I think he

owed his downfall entirely to Margaret's

love of jewels, fine clothes and expensive

furniture. I am not mean—"

"He had."

"What was-it?" This was rather more
direct and blunt than the old lady had
meant to put it, and she forthwith apolo-
gized by saying, "I didn't mean that—I

—I only thought—I—"

"O, I'd as lief you'd know as not," said

the lady, with the charming air of *savette*,

she came to see me."

"Yes, I will; but I bet you a dozen pair

of kid gloves and a new bracelet against a

smoking cap—inliné you know, is very

shabby—that you fail."

"Done! Come spend this evening with

